

THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DORRIS & CO.

ORSON. : : : MO

THE ORCHARD WEDDING.

There's a wedding in the orchard, dear,
I know it by the flowers;
They're wreathed on every bough and branch
Or falling down in showers.

The air is in a mist, I think,
And scarce knows which to be—
Whether all fragrance, clinging close,
Or bird-song, wild and free.

And countless wedding jewels shine,
And golden gifts of grace;
I never saw such wealth of sun
In any happy place.

It seemed I heard the fluttering robes
Of maidens clad in white,
The clapping of a thousand hands
In tenderest delight;

While whippers ran among the boughs
Of promises and praise;
And playful, loving messages
Sped through the leaf-lit ways.

Then were there sways to and fro;
The wedding a tip-toe rose;
And sang the breeze a sudden song
That sank to end in close;

And just beyond the wreathed alders
That end against the blue,
The faintest of the wedding choir
And priest came shining through.

And though I saw no wedding guest,
Nor groom, nor gentle bride,
I knew that holy things were asked,
And holy love replied.

Soon will the lengthening shadows move,
Unwillingly away,
Like friends who linger with adieu
Yet are not bid to stay.

I follow where the blue-bird leads,
And hear its soft "good-night,"
Still thinking of the wedding-scene
And aisles of soft and light.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Constituents of Plants.

A writer in speaking of the constituents of plants says: Most farmers are apt to think that crops derive most of the substances they feed upon from the soil. Take, for instance, the hay crop; the carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, which constitute 92 per cent of the organism of the plants, all come from the air and enter into their structure, while the other 8 per cent is made up of nitrogen and mineral elements derived from the soil. From this it would appear that all the farmer has to do is to supply the nitrogen and mineral matter by means of fertilizers containing them, the other 92 per cent being supplied by the atmosphere, hence the necessity for frequent stirring of the soil for the free admission of the air.

How to get Early Sweet Corn.

German Town Telegraph.
Judge Miller, of Missouri, being on a visit some time ago, mentioned to us a fact discovered by himself, in which a full week can be gained in getting sweet corn for boiling. He said it was, that as soon as the ear is formed, break the top down or cut it off, but leave the stalk erect in order that the pollen of the tassel will be sure to dust the silk of the ears, as they may not be fully impregnated should the stalk be topped. He stated that he had experimented for years and was entirely satisfied that it is uniformly practical and of value. In fact he thinks that the ear becomes more fully developed also. This is a hint easy to adopt, and may be of interest to truckers as well as for the private garden.

Take Good Care of the Horses.

If at work, they need a regular allowance of grain. If worked hard, ten quarts of ground oats and corn mixed will not be too much. The hay may be cut and moistened and the feed mixed with it. Such a ration is not over bulky, and contains sufficient nourishment to keep a working horse in good trim. At this season the coat begins to loosen, and the skin is irritable. When much so, it may be corrected by giving daily for a week, an ounce of equal parts of sulphur and cream of tartar. Good grooming with soft brush and blunt carry comb is decidedly useful. Everything about the stable should be kept neat and clean as the warm weather approaches. Turn brood mares loose into a box stall as foaling time approaches. They should receive gentle treatment, as this is likely to influence the disposition of the colt.

Plant Potatoes Early.

Potatoes in Iowa should be planted as early as corn. In the early days in farming in what is now Minnesota, late potatoes yielded the best, or, that is to say, when planted the last week in May or the first week in June. In fact, about as good a crop as ever was gathered, was one raised near Glenwood, in 1866, by Peter Durfee, from seed planted as late as the fourth of July. It is claimed by some to this day, that the variety known as the Early rose yields the best when put in the ground as late as the 15th day of June, but the best and surest plan is to plant early—not later than the 10th of May, and for early use the first of that month.

The earlier a crop of field potatoes is planted the sooner they are out of the way of the potato-bugs, and then again they reach maturity before the hot weather in August. Of course late varieties require all summer to become ripe, but even then they should be planted early, from the fact that the field is much more than when planted late. It is well known that, as a general rule, there is less humidity in the atmosphere in Minnesota during the last half of August than at almost any other period; that our only dependence for rain is in the shape of showers—hence late potatoes suffer almost always from the effects of the drought.

Setting out Evergreens.

German Town Telegraph.

For more than thirty years we have been giving advice in regard to the transplanting of evergreen trees; and still the question is asked us every season, spring and fall, how it is to be done, many being under the impression that there is a secret in doing the work successfully. Instead of this being the case the fact is that there is no tree more easily transplanted than the several varieties of evergreens. Of all that we have set out, taken from a nursery, we do not remember that one has been lost. They should not be planted deeper than they naturally stand in the nursery. The roots should be carefully spread out, and the ground well pressed. They should be well-staked, so that the high winds cannot disturb the roots, as there is nothing more fatal to any newly-transplanted tree than this loosening of the roots. In selecting these trees in the nursery be sure to choose those with one straight (not divided) main stem, with regular branches from the ground, and uninjured. For it must be understood that when an evergreen is a foot or two high it gets no new branches; hence, if a tree is ragged at the bottom or has lost any of its branches when set out, they will always remain so.

The Cyprian Bee.

The Bee Guide, in speaking of the yellow bees, says:

The importation of Cyprian and Syrian bees to this country will, without doubt, create some confusion, as the three distinct races of yellow bees bred extensively will perhaps unavoidably occasion some difficulty in determining the breed. The cross of each of the three races with the other cannot be readily detected in the progeny, and probably the tendency in the future on the part of the queen breeders will be to puff their peculiar strain of improved bees in place of putting so much stress on the purity of stock. The bees that can be controlled the easiest and made to produce the most honey will take the premium. The restlessness of Cyprians and Holy Land bees will no doubt be improved, in time, by breeding and selecting, and making them equal to the best of Italians.

We know but little about bees, but according to Hon. C. F. Greenman, of Grand Meadows, in this State, who does know all about them, we can but think that the mixing of the Cyprians and Holy Land or Syrian bees with our Italian or black bees is too much of a good thing. We believe in the old maxim, "Let well enough alone." The Cyprians and Holy Land bees are so vicious that they cannot be kept in our back yards. They sting the cats and pigs to death, and have no love for mortal man. The importation of these wicked little fellows will have a tendency to prevent beekeeping becoming universal, from the simple fact that everybody will be afraid of them.

A writer, in speaking of the hybridization of bees, says:

If a pure Italian queen mates with a black drone, and queens are reared from her eggs, they will, of course, be hybrids or half-bloods. The drone progeny of these hybrid queens will be hybrid or half-bloods, while the appearance of their workers depends entirely upon whether these queens mate with black or with Italian drones. If they mate with Italian drones their workers will be three-fourths Italian, while, if they mate with black drones their workers will be three-fourths black. Queens reared from a black queen that has mated an Italian drone will, of course, give the same results. This matter of hybridization among bees, simple though it be, is really quite a puzzle to some people. Let such remember that crosses among bees produce the same results as crosses among animals, with the exception that the drones are always like their mother, let her mate with whatever drone she may. If a queen is pure Italian, so are her drones; if she is hybrid her drones are also.

The Little Butter Cow at Home.

La Journal d'Agriculture Illustrée.
The Island of Jersey is small. It was square it would be six and three-quarter miles on each side. However, this little piece of land suffices to keep 120,000 head of cattle—that is to say, in round numbers, supports one animal to each two acres of its territory, this including rocks, roads, barren land, and the building lots, necessary to the housing of 60,000 inhabitants. And it has been thus for the last twenty years at least. Indeed, the census of 1861 gives 12,037 as the number of cattle on the Island of Jersey. What is still more remarkable it exports each year about 2,000 head (the average exportations, according to the custom house reports, being 2,049 for the last eighteen years) nearly one head for each ten acres; it follows, then, that in proportion to its extent the Island of Jersey exports each year more cattle than England contains. In other words, if England should export at the same rate, all her cattle would not have left a single hoof. The system which permits the Island of Jersey to attain this result deserves to be noted above all at this time, when the English farmer knows not what to do, his sheep-anchors; the culture of wheat, leaving him to drift upon the rocks. But another result not less striking than the keeping of the cattle at the Jersey is the race of cattle that it has produced. At present it is the custom in England to consider the Jerseys the pampered favorites of fortune, playing the part for the rich, diamonds to ornament the lawn, giving a small quantity of very rich milk, cream, and butter

for those who are rich enough to afford this extravagance. That they are small we admit; beautiful we concede; but why should they not be small? And why not beautiful? Is the shepherd dog less bold, less useful, or less suited to its special work because it is not a mastiff? The ability to do the work required is the thing sought for; the rest is only fashion and tinsel. The work of the Jersey is to convert grass and roots into butter, and not into beef. She is not raised to be eaten, she has more value as a machine to produce butter. Then why should she be larger? And far from being a luxury for the rich man, she is more than any other race, the dependence of the poor, the best aid of small farming. This is very easily and simply proved by the experience of the Island of Jersey. We have seen that they keep their 12,000 head of cattle on six miles square, where the rent averages £9 per acre; there where the farms are smaller than anywhere else; there where each farmer works with his hands and it is face to face with the wolf that he needs must keep from the door. And what do we see? An island eaten up by cattle, and the farmers begging? On the contrary it is like a garden everywhere sown with improvements and comfortable houses. One finds everywhere comfort and plenty, and nowhere poverty, misery or beggars.

I do not claim that all this is the work of the cows, but I say that these farmers who have so serious a struggle to live, and who yet obtain so marvelous a success, should know their business, and not keep 12,000 head of cattle at a loss. If the Jerseys are profitable there with the land at £9 per acre, will they not give a profit in England, and everywhere else where there is a market for butter? But we will go farther: we claim that the Jersey cow is the hand-somest of all cows, as well as the most profitable.

Train-Men's Wages in Germany.

Cologne Times.
A newspaper correspondent writing from Berlin regarding railroad employees in that country says:

Their wages are a mere pittance as compared to the wages paid in America to employees of the same grade. Locomotive engineers receive only \$222 to \$340 per year, conductors \$160 to \$180 per year, brakemen from \$140 to \$165 per year, road keepers and switchmen \$130 to \$160 and \$180 per year. In addition to these small salaries they are paid small amounts as perquisites, which help to increase, though not to a large amount, the sum annually received. The engineer gets a percentage on the number of kilometers he runs his engine during the year, and, being allowed a certain amount of coal and oil for a prescribed number of kilometers, he is paid a percentage of 35 per cent premium on what he saves on coal, and about 15 per cent on oil, so he has a strong pecuniary inducement to be as economical as possible in running his engine, and uses as little fuel and oil as necessity will require. It is to this economy on the part of engineers in the saving of coal, and not keeping up a sufficient head of steam, that the slow rate of railroad traveling is entirely attributed. The sum total paid the engineer for his year's labor, including salary, mileage, percentages on coal and oil saved, and for extra labor he may perform in the machine shop, seldom amounts to over \$500 or \$550 a year. The conductor, who is not allowed a percentage on the number of kilometers he travels over in a year, receives in all about \$400 to \$450; second and third class conductors, who act as brakemen, and whose perquisites are little or nothing, get only about \$250 or \$275.

The Value of Life.

Detroit Free Press.

One of the interesting speculations recently started in England has for a subject the present value of life as compared with its value when mankind did not spend half its time in studying the problem of prolonging life. One of the leading London physicians declares that men were happier and better, and lived nobler lives, before the pursuit of health and the yearnings for longevity became a craze almost amounting to madness, and before the question what to eat, drink and to avoid, what to wear, and how to live, by what means to avoid infection, to keep off disease, and to escape death, for a few weary and weary years, were the all-engrossing ones.

Another urges that the "survival of the fittest" is a great mistake, so far as the race is concerned; and that humanity in general would be better off if there were less of the loving labor now expended in prolonging the lives of the weak, diseased and crippled. There is no danger that either of these views will find general acceptance. The world has become so accustomed to studying the laws of health and long life, and enjoys the study so much, that it is not likely to abandon it, even for the purpose of bringing back the happy days when men didn't care anything about diet and drainage of pure air.

There is just a little danger of our retrogression in the matter of caring for the sick and helpless. It may be worse for the race, in one aspect of the case, to prolong lives of suffering and to interfere with the natural process which extinguishes the weaklings in a few generations. But what the race loses in this way it is repaid an hundred-fold in the cultivation and expansion of its finer emotions.

Wait for others to advance your interests, and you will wait until they are not worth advancing.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

By the late Col. W. H. Sparks, of Georgia.

Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bell!
Thy mellow tones I love to hear.
I was a boy when first they fell
In melody upon mine ear:
In those dear days, long past and gone,
When I was sitting here in childish glee,
The music of thy Sabbath tone
Awoke emotions deep in me.

Long years have gone, and I have strayed
O'er the world far, far away,
But thy dear tones have round me played
On every lovely Sabbath day.
When straining o'er the mighty plains
Spread widely in the u-people West,
Each Sabbath morn I've heard thy strains
Tolling the welcome day of rest.

Upon the rocky mountains' crest,
Where Christian feet have never trod,
In the deep bosom of the West
I've thought of thee and worshiped God.
Ring on, sweet bell! I've come again
To hear thy cheri-bell call to prayer;
There's less of pleasure now than pain
In those dear tones which fill my ear.

Ring on, ring on, dear bell! ring on!
Once more I come, with whitened head,
To hear thee toll. The sounds are gone!
And ere the Sabbath day has sped
I shall be gone, and may no more
Give ear to thee, sweet Sabbath bell!
Dear church-bell, be, to love of yore,
And chide the happy home, farewell!

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

A New Paint-Remover.

A new caustic preparation, made from potash and soda, for the purpose of removing paint from walls, woodwork and metal, has been introduced. It is creamy in its nature, and when spread upon the paint superficially it so rapidly that in a quarter of an hour all traces of the paint is gone. For delicate carvings the compound will prove highly useful. Weaker compositions of the kind are prepared for simple cleaning purposes, and their cleansing power on greasy cloth is very striking. For cleaning cushions, railroad carriages and stuffed seats these soaps will be convenient, as they do not change the natural color.

An Adept Forest.

Northwestern Lumberman.
The workmen on the Denver and New Orleans Railroad, while within from twenty to twenty-five miles of Denver, Col., between Cherry and Running creeks, encountered a somewhat remarkable obstruction to their further progress, consisting of a buried forest. The trees are all petrified and agitated, of various sizes, and are buried at depths of from ten to twenty feet, as deep as the men found it necessary to dig. These trees were not in half a dozen localities, are very perfect, and if proper machinery was used could be unearthed nearly or quite whole.

Brunell Process of Embalming.

The process of embalming is as follows, and is called the "Brunell process"—1. The circulatory system is cleaned by washing with cold water till it issues quite clear from the body. This may occupy from two to five hours. 2. Alcohol is injected so as to abstract as much water as possible. This occupies about a quarter of an hour, 3. Ether is then injected to abstract the fatty matter. This occupies from two to ten hours. 4. A strong solution of tannin is then injected. This occupies for imbibition two to ten hours. 5. The body is then dried in a current of warm air passed over heated chloride of calcium. This may occupy two to five hours. The body is then perfectly preserved and resists decay. The Italians exhibit specimens which are as hard as stone, retain the shape perfectly, and are equal to the best wax models. It will be observed in this process that those substances most prone to decay are removed, and the remaining portions are converted by the tannin into a substance resembling leather.

Paradise with Extinct Stars.

In a recent scientific paper Sir John Lubbock says: "Like the sand of the sea, the stars of heaven have ever been used as effective symbols of number, and the improvement in our methods of observation have added fresh force to our original impressions. We know that our earth is but a fraction of one out of at least seventy-five millions of worlds. But this is not all. In addition to the luminous heavenly bodies, we cannot doubt that there are countless others, invisible to us from their great distance, smaller size, or feeble light, indeed, we know that there are many dark bodies which now emit no light, or comparatively little. Thus in the case of Procyon, the existence of an invisible body is proved by the movement of the visible star. Again I may refer to the curious phenomenon presented by Algol, a bright star in the head of Medusa. This star shines for two days and thirteen hours; then, in three hours and a half, dwindles from a star of the second to one of the fourth magnitude; and then in another three and a half hours resumes its original brilliancy. These changes seem certainly to indicate the presence of an opaque body which intercepts at regular intervals part of the light emitted by Algol. Thus the floor of heaven is not only thickly laid with patines of bright gold, but studded also with extinct stars—once probably as brilliant as our own sun, but now dead and cold, as Helmholtz tells us that our sun itself will be, some seventeen millions of years hence."

Earth's Monthly May.

From Denon's Monthly May.

Great earthquakes are reported from Costa Rica, accompanied by unusual loss of life. In one town many people have been killed. The greatest and most destructive earthquake on record is that of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, in which it is estimated that 60,000 persons lost their lives. It is an open question among physiologists as to what is the real cause of earthquakes. They

are known to occur most frequently in countries where volcanic action is most active. All who have experienced an earthquake speak of it as a most awe-inspiring visitation. We are so accustomed to regard the earth we tread upon as solid and unshaken, that it seems as if chaos had come again, when the very ground under our feet reels and totters and becomes as apparently unstable as water or quicksilver. All sense of security for the time being lost. Earthquakes and volcanoes are frequent on the isthmus which connect North and South America. Undoubtedly there is a steady upheaval of land from the sea, and the isthmus is widening every decade, all because of volcanic action.

Death of Mr. James.

Laramie Democrat.

We are once more pained to announce the death of Hon. Jesse James. We speak of him as Honorable Jesse James because it is possible he may not be dead yet, and we do not desire any old personalities raked up in case he should be still at large.

The regular semi-annual death of Jesse James has been a cause for national sorrow for some time. His obituary has been written seven or eight times by the faltering hand that pens these lines, and we are still young.

Death has marked Mr. James for its own good many times, and he has been again butchered to make a Missouri holiday. The soil from Maine to California has been drenched with his ashes in every portion of our great land. No man has perished from the face of the earth so ubiquitously as Mr. James, and no American citizen has yielded up his young life under such varied and peculiar circumstances.

Lay him low where the bobolink blossoms on the sweet potato vine and plant him in the valley where the peacocks wave.

Born of humble and obscure parents, he rapidly rose to the proud eminence of America's leading thief and murderer. When death marked him as its victim the last time, he was as prominent a man as Henry Ward Beecher or Roscoe Conkling. His genius took a different shoot, it is true, but he won a name as a plunderer which throws the proud achievements of our modern bank cashiers back into cold and calmy oblivion. Death has once more stilled the pulse of a man who, were it not for his little eccentricities as a human butcher and grand larceny connoisseur, would have made an elegant humorist or statesman.

Had he been less of an enthusiast, and less radical as a murderer, he might have shone in the best society. Had he pleaded emotional insanity the first time he got up a surprise funeral, instead of making an outlaw of himself, he might now be alive, loved and respected but he was ignorant of the law and thought that when a man murdered all the first-class passengers on a train, he would be dealt harshly with and ostracized. That is where he committed a grave error. He went from bad to worse, and soon he lost all respect for himself.

Yellow fever and the James boys have been a great scourge to this country. The mortality from these combined diseases has been frightful. Now that Jesse is dead once more, we feel hopeful that the country can be populated without serious delay. Heretofore it has been an uphill job, and such men as Dr. Hayford have felt at times as though they would sink down and die of discouragement. But now there is hope again. The yellow fever is subdued, and Jesse James again reclines on his bier. The census should show a rapid advance in the next five years, and boom in a way that will make other nations sick.

GENERAL HARNEY.

A Western Scout's Story.

When we heard about the massacre he sent out scouts to find out who the murderers were, and when they reported to him that they were Mormons, he went with his entire command for Salt Lake City, wearing every rod of the way that he would hang the murderers if he had to hang every Mormon in Utah. He intended to give Brigham Young twenty-four hours to surrender up the murderers, and unless this was done Latter Day Saints would be mighty scarce around there.

Before he reached Salt Lake City a messenger overtook us with orders from the war department for Harney to return to camp; that the civil authorities would attend to the massacre business. Then you ought to have heard the old man swear. He damned the government enough to sink it. I never met a man who could swear more violently than Harney.

He thought the matter over for a little while, and then declared that he had started for Salt Lake City, and he would go there if he was court-martialed and shot for it. And he went, too, and if the war department ever heard of it, no action was taken. We camped a short distance outside the city, and stayed a few days to give the animals a rest; and they needed it sadly, for we had traveled fast.

The morning that we started back to Yuma a young girl about seventeen or eighteen years old came out to camp and applied to Brady, the train-master, to help her escape. Her parents were English, who had joined the Mormons not long before, and one of the elders wanted to marry her. Her parents were trying to force her to this polygamous marriage, and she could only avoid it by running away. She had an

uncle and an aunt in San Francisco, and to them she wanted to go. Brady wasn't the man to say "no" under such circumstances, and he stowed her away in the flour wagon by piling the barrels around her in such a way that she couldn't be seen from either end.

We hadn't got far before a dozen Mormons overtook us, the girl's father being along with them, and they went through that train until they found the girl. After they had got her out, she turned to Brady and bade him good-bye, at the same time thanking him for trying to help her. That of course gave him dead away, and the Mormons arrested him for kidnapping the girl, and away they all went toward the city. Harney saw that there was something wrong with the train, and back came a messenger to see what was the matter. As soon as Harney was informed of what had occurred, he ordered the train to halt and stay there until he got back, and, swearing worse than before, away he and his troop went for the Mormons. They had got a long start on him, however, and reached the city first.

Do you suppose that Harney stopped when he reached the city? Not a bit of it. Right up the main street he went at a gallop, and when he jumped from his horse and cried "Halt!" it was right in front of Brigham's office. There was a market and fixed bayonet, but as he brought his musket to a charge, Harney gave it a kick that turned the guard half round, and the next instant he was disarmed.

Harney strode into the office with a half-dozen soldiers at his heels, and two minutes later Brigham was astraddle of a horse, and galloping down the street in the center of a troop of cavalry. It was fun to see the Mormons stare as they saw the old man in such company, but before they could have time to act they were out of the city.

About five miles out Harney ordered a halt, and it wasn't long before a lot of Mormons came riding up as fast as their horses could carry them. When they got up within sound of his voice, Harney ordered them to halt or he would fire on them, and they halted. Then he ordered Brigham to tell them to go back to the city and bring Brady and the girl back with them; and said he to Brigham:

"If they are not here inside of two hours, I'll fill your carcass full of government lead!"

"You don't dare to," says Brigham.

"Why—yes," says Harney, "I'll shoot you myself!"

Long before the two hours were up Brady and the girl were there, and when we got to Yuma, Harney sent a guard with here to San Bernardino on her way to San Francisco.

That's the kind of a man Harney was.

"RICH PATAHA."

Quick complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. At Druggists, and by mail. E. S. WELCH, Jersey City, N. J.

True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before the whole world.

If you want a good appetite and to enjoy your food and digest it, use Carter's Liver Bitters, which make you eat and prevent and cure dyspepsia.

Simplicity of manner is the best attainment. Men are very long afraid of being natural, from the dread of being taken for ordinary.

Dairymen know if they sell their butter without coloring, they must take five cents per pound less than if properly colored with L. E. Ransom Butter Color.

The power of pleasing is founded upon the wish to please. The strength of the wish is the measure of the power.

Quick Consumption.

ELM HALL, Mich., Dec. 2, 1881.

Pike's Cure has been a great friend to me. I have used it in my family for eight years. When I first heard of it I was in the last stage of a tick consumption and was ready to die. After taking one bottle I was able to work and am now entirely well.

As a proof that hens have delicate aesthetic sense, it is remarked that they always seem to wipe their feet when they enter a flower-garden.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has rapidly made its way to favor among druggists, who have observed its effects on the health of their customers. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 285 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

For brick and tile machinery address James F. Clark, Morenci, Mich.

When the voice is reduced to a husky whisper, with a hacking cough and painful respiration, there is good cause for alarm. Have recourse forthwith to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Sold by all Druggists. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

DR. WINCHELL'S TETHERING SYRUP gives mothers rest and children health. It produces natural sleep, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery, diarrhoea and all diseases common to them. Sold by Druggists, only 25 cents a bottle.

UNCLE SAM'S LEATHER SOFTENER will keep the leather soft and pliable by closing the pores and effectually preventing the entrance of dampness, dust, etc. While at the same time increasing its durability. Sold by all Harness Makers.

Purify the blood if you would be free from dangerous diseases. Elderly Day-Light Liver Pills do this by acting on the liver, stomach and bowels. They are mild and cleansing; will prevent sick headache, sour stomach, fever, bilious disorders, dyspepsia, fever and ague. Price 25 cents. Sold by Druggists.

UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDER prevents disease, purifies the blood, improves the appetite, gives a smooth and glossy coat of hair and keeps the animal in good condition. It cures Diarrhoea, Coughs, Colic, Fevers and most of the diseases to which Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, and Poultry are subject, and should be used by every one owning or having the care of horses or stock. Sold by all Druggists.

EVERY HOME should contain Elderly's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry. This celebrated remedy will surely cure Colds, Coughs, Croup, Catarrh, Consumption, and all Bronchial complaints. Common colds neglected, are the cause of one-half the deaths. Don't wait for sickness to come, but take home a bottle of Elderly's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry. It may save the life of a loved one, when delay would be death. Sold by all druggists.

For Thirty Years I have been afflicted with kidney complaints. Two packages of Kidney-Wort has done me more good than all the medicine and doctors I have had before. I believe it is a sure cure. So writes an old lady from Oregon.—Salt Lake City Tribune.

The Boston Herald "would like to see Oscar Wilde milking a cow." But wouldn't that be too utterly under.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Cleaves out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed bugs, scabbs, chipmunks, gophers, etc. Druggists.

He who courts and goes away, may live to court another day; but he who weds and courts girls still, may get in court against his will.

FOR THE COMPLETE CURE OF A COUGH, pains in the chest, difficulty of breathing, and all other lung diseases with or without Consumption, you will find ALLER'S LUNG BALM, a most valuable remedy. Cures have been made which have astonished every one who witness its effects. Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

A party of San Juan fanciers made a bonfire of an Apache Indian and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "over come by the heat."

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should inclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

There must be learned sheep in Texas, for a farmer in Travis advertises for an industrious man, to take general charge of 5,000 sheep who can talk Spanish.

The Prompt Hawkeye.

Indianapolis Herald.

TO THE PUBLIC:—We hereby acknowledge the honorable and satisfactory settlement by the Hawkeye Insurance Co., for our dwelling house and contents that were burned Feb. 23, '82. On March 1, '82, McCarty and Stocker, agents for the company, paid us in full for all property burned and covered by the insurance. Thus a few days after the fire we had our money and we cordially recommend the company, to all parties having property to insure, as a company that deals fairly and promptly.

New Virginia, March 6, '82.

M. J. VANSOY.

F. B. VANSOY.

If it makes a white woman bewitching to stick a piece of black court-plaster on her face, why shouldn't a piece of white court-plaster make a black woman appear positively charming?

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage, Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, European plan, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first class hotel in the city.

Fond Parent, almost bursting into tears: "Angelina, my love, I have had news for you. Heaven knows, my child, I would spare you the sorrow if I could, but Edwin"—Daughter—"Speak quickly! My love, my promised husband?"—Fond Parent—"Is a gambler!"—Daughter—"O, pa, is he lucky?"

SICK-HEADACHE.

Mrs. J. C. HENDERSON, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "The use of two of Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pills' a day, for a few weeks, has entirely cured me of sick-headache, from which I formerly suffered terribly, as often as once a week, as once in ten days." Of all druggists.

An old Connecticut deacon once took to church